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PADDY DOYLE  
OR  
A MUTUAL FRIEND

AN IRISH FARCE  
IN ONE ACT AND ONE SCENE

By P. A. WALDRON

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NEW YORK  
DICK & FITZGERALD  
18 ANN STREET

# PADDY DOYLE

## OR

# A MUTUAL FRIEND

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1895



### CHARACTERS.

PADDY DOYLE	.	.	.	.	.	An Irish man-servant.
PEGGY CASEY	.	.	.	.	.	An Irish lady's-maid.
MR. LOVELADY	.	.	.			Troubled with lovers and servants.
IDA LOVELADY	.	.	.	.		In love with Harry Sterling.
HARRY STERLING	.	.	.	.	.	In love with Ida.
DE BUFFER	.	.	.	.	.	A rival suitor and heavy swell.

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Time, about thirty minutes.

### COSTUMES.

PADDY DOYLE, regular Irish costume, jacket, red waistcoat, corduroy knee-breeches, narrow-brim gray felt hat, gray stockings, and shoes with buckles.

PEGGY CASEY, natty servant's costume, short skirt, and small lace cap.

DE BUFFER, a heavy swell, silk hat, fancy walking-cane, and eye-glass.

The others, in ordinary costume suitable to each character.

### PROPERTIES.

Eye-glass, cane, and whisky-flask for DE BUFFER; letter for PADDY; an old, shabby coat and hat, and burnt cork.

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## PADDY DOYLE.



SCENE.—*A room in MR. LOVELADY'S house; a table and one or two chairs, and a screen at back of stage.*

PADDY DOYLE. [*Heard singing outside*]

(Tune, "Rory O'More.")

"Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear;  
He bought a sheepskin for to make him a pair;  
'With the woolly side out, and the fleshy side in,  
'Twill be plisant an' cool,' said Bryan O'Lynn."

[*He pokes his head in right, and peeps round cautiously before entering.*] Well, Oi belayve it's as good to *sing* grief anney day as to cry it. There Oi was, in the grandest situation that ever a daycent gossoon could be in; but me own divilment got me the sack. An' the foine 'atin' an' dhrinkin'! Begorra, if Oi'd stuck to the imploy-mint, in about a wake's toime Oi'd have had such a corporation that Oi'd have fallen over me own feet, for the simple rayson that Oi couldn't see 'em. But oh, the faymales—mornin', noon, an' noight! The sorra one of me was foive minutes in the house whin the ould disaise broke out in me—coortin', bad luck to it! Oi couldn't be aisy, so Oi couldn't. An' Mary Ann, that ought to have had betther sinse, nothin' would do her, if ye plaze, but croogin' with mesilf. Well, bad luck to ye, Mary Ann, wherever ye came from. There, one noight, Oi set mesilf behint the door, whin Oi heard a footstep; an' Oi, thinkin' it was the same onshugh of a Mary Ann, an' that Oi could stale a foine daycent shlobber of a kiss in the dark [*smacks his lips*]; but whin it came to the squazin' an' kissin'—oh, murther! [*pulling an ugly face*]—the whiskers! an' the shmell of whisky an'

brandy, an' rum an' gin, an' ale an' beer, an' porther an' stout, an' about a dozen other teetotal dhrinks! 'Twas loike a beer-saloon. Begorra, only for Oi'm a man with a foine constitution, 'twould have set me dhrunk—sorra a lie in it! 'Twas the ould man Oi was kissin', instead of Mary Ann, an' that's the rayson Oi'm in search of another situation now. No more coortin' for me; and no more Mary Anns for the prisint, ayther. Oi'd swop all the Mary Anns in the world for one daycint masther that would pay a respectable bit of a bhoy loike mesilf something handsome at the ind of the week. Oi've bin towld there's a loikely chance for a loikely man here, so Oi pushed me face before me, an' here Oi am on the strin'th of it. The door was open, an' the doorway big enough to git me feet through, so Oi thought Oi'd have a look around an' see what sort of a kind of a place it is before Oi inthroduce mesilf to the establishment. [*Has a walk around, then looks off at left.*] Well, shpake of a certain person—but here comes one that looks loike somebody. Begorra, Oi'll kape out of soight for a minute, an' see who he is first, an' what he's up to. [*Hides behind screen.*]

*Enter MR. LOVELADY, L.*

MR. LOVELADY. Well, I am thoroughly annoyed with these Irish man-servants. No sooner have I one of them initiated into the working of the premises than I discover him courting the girls, and, in order to maintain the discipline of the establishment, I feel constrained to dismiss him. They are exceptionally good servants, but seem to have an extraordinary leaning towards the two w's—whisky and women. I wish I could secure one with something of a decent connection.

[*Walks backwards and forwards across the stage.*]

PADDY. [*Protruding his head from behind the screen*] Be jabers, Oi'll manufacture a lot of aristocratic ancisthors for mesilf. [*Comes forward.*] Good-morrow to ye, sir.

MR. L. Well, my good fellow?

PADDY. Faith, you're lookin' loike a man that one would loike to imploy; an' if yer anney way daycint and libberal Oi'll ingage ye as me masther, in consideration of ye givin' me the sum of five dollars a week, boord, washin', dhrink, an' lodgin'.

MR. L. Well, I must say you are extremely presumptuous.

PADDY. Sorra a one of me knows roightly what ye mane by that. But you don't seem to appear to know the koind of a sort of a gintleman you're addhressin'. Allow me to tell ye, sor [*drawing himself up and tapping his chest*], that Oi'm a laynial discindant of King O'Dhudeen More and Queen D'honor own dhowkins, besides Prince

Bawneen More an' Princess Caubeen, with their youngsters Fang-mur-than-shay and Neel-as-uggum, who reigned in ould Oireland fifteen thousand years before the flood swept thim out of the counthry. An', comin' down to raycint toimes, shure ye must recollect yersilf that me great-grandfather's grandfather was uncle to Queen Slap Bang's grand-aunt's second cousin, who was called afther his mother's step-brother, King Hullabaloo. An' so the kindhred an' relationship comes down in the grandhest manner iver ye saw, till it arroives at the best and daycintest man of the whole of thim, an' that's mesilf, Paddy Doyle, all the way from Connaught, begorra.

MR. L. [*Turning away and smiling aside*] That's aristocracy enough, in all conscience. I like the fellow, somehow, and think I shall give him a trial. [*To PADDY*] By the way, have you any letter of recommendation to show me?

PADDY. Ricommendation, is it? Shure, fwat's not in me face Oi carry in me pocket. [*Searches in his pockets, and hands MR. L. a paper.*] Rade thot, now; 'tis the last one Oi got, and the first one, too, for the matther of thot.

MR. L. [*Reads*] "To all whom it may concern—" [*Speaks*] Ah, he has got somebody to write this. [*Reads*] "Having known Paddy Doyle all his life, I strongly recommend him as an honest, industrious, and sober man, and worthy of all confidence and the highest wages. (Signed) Paddy Doyle." [*Speaks*] Well! that's refreshingly original. [*Laughs heartily.*] Paddy, my good fellow, I'll just go down into the kitchen and make arrangements for you to commence your duties at once. Follow me there in a few minutes; I want to give some instructions about you first. You'll be able to find your way down-stairs to the kitchen, I presume?

PADDY. Thank ye, yer honor. Faith, Oi'll foind the kitchen all roight, niver fear. [*Exit MR. L., L. PADDY walks about, talking to himself.*] Oh, Paddy—Paddy Doyle, ye lucky rascal! Last noight Oi was goin' to bring ye out into a quiet field an' kick smithereens out of ye; but now, Paddy, me darlint, Oi fale loike axin' ye to come into the nixt saloon an' have a foine big dhrink in honor of yer new place, only Oi'm teetotal, so Oi am. Here, Oi'll take no excuse, now. Come along, Paddy, ye rascal, an' have a limonade, or Oi'll pull the coat off yer back. [*Pulls himself by the collar, and exit, R.*]

HARRY STERLING *peeps in, R.*

HARRY. The coast seems clear [*walks in*], though my reasons for being in Mr. Lovelady's house do not seem quite so clear. There would be no end of a row if he caught me here. The fact of the matter is, my anxiety to get Ida's reply to my letter has made me so

restless and unsettled that I have actually ventured into the lion's den myself in the hope of getting my darling's answer a little sooner and ending my suspense; though, knowing her love for me, why I should have any anxiety as to what her answer will be, I don't know. There would be no occasion for all this concealment of our love but for the stupid feud existing between the two houses. On account of this her father is resolutely opposed to our union; and as there seems neither immediate nor remote possibility of a reconciliation being effected, we must simply take the matter in our own hands and get married privately at the earliest opportunity. There seems nothing else for it, especially as her father favors the suit of a Mr. De Buffer, who has no earthly recommendation whatever, to *my* thinking; and I can quite believe Ida when she says she would rather die than become his bride. It is most unfortunate that this miserable misunderstanding exists between our two fathers, as otherwise I believe there would not be a single obstacle to our union. [*Walks across, and looks off at L.*] Now if I could only come across that new Irish servant they've got, I should probably get to *know* something; at any rate, I should at least hear whether she has received my letter. This new servant seems a very genuine sort of fellow. [*He starts, and listens.*] Hark! what's that? It won't do for Mr. Lovelady to catch me here. I think I'd better clear out whilst all's safe. [*Walks across stage, then stops suddenly.*] But Ida's answer—let me see; yes, I'll send my servant Peggy round the back way to see if she can get it. I must have this suspense ended as soon as possible. [*Listens a moment; then, hearing a slight noise, makes his exit hurriedly, R.*]

*Enter PADDY, L.*

PADDY. Shure, Oi'm on the job. Oi'm a post-office, so Oi am; an', what's more, it's a fine situation, an' Oi mane to kape it, so Oi do. Iverybody betther open ivery door to me, or, bedad, Oi'll—Oi'll come in an' open 'em mesilf. Shure, it's the beautifullest taste of a letther Oi have here for Mr. Sterling from Miss Ida, an' it's foiné an' proud Oi am to be doin' 'em a sarvice. He's a foiné man, is Mr. Sterling, an' so's Miss Ida. Anneyway, they both know how to trate a Doyle whin they see one, good luck to 'em! Now, hould aisy! where did Oi put that letther?

*Enter PEGGY, L., and stands just inside the door.*

PEGGY. [*Aside*] I wonder if this is the new man Oi was to throy an' ax for the letther?



[PADDY meanwhile has been searching everywhere for the letter, in all his pockets, his hat, and boots. If desired, he might produce from these various places quite a conglomeration of articles more or less amusing. He then looks along the floor, walking towards the door, and nearly running into Peggy. He starts back. They mutually recognize each other.]

PADDY. [In surprise] Peggy!

PEGGY. [Also surprised] Paddy!

[They rush into each other's arms and embrace.]

PADDY. Arrah, me darlin', is it yersilf Oi have here. [Stands back and looks at her.] Musha, but Oi thought Oi'd niver see a soight of ye ag'in, afther yer lavin' the ould counthry. Arrah, come here, now, till Oi make a limon-squazer of mesilf. [Again embraces her. Business.] Murther! but this is beautiful altogether, so it is, out and out.

PEGGY. Oh, Paddy, Paddy! is it yersilf that's in it at all, at all.

PADDY. Yis, shure; Oi'm me own mother's son, an' it's yersilf that's a soight for sore eyes. Musha! Peggy darlin', d'yer remimber Tim Doolan's wake, whin Mick O'Reilly wanted to take yer from me? An' didn't Oi lave the spalpeen in bed for a month, with the polthogue Oi gave him at the butt of the lug?

PEGGY. Faith, an' ye did, Paddy. More power to ye! But Mr. Sterling says Oi was to ax ye for the letther from Miss Lovelady.

PADDY. Arrah, now be aisy a minnit. Come here. [Again embraces her.] An' didn't Oi knock down Mullowney's tint at the fair of Kilkelly, and kick up the foinest row altogether bekase Mike Mullarkey said he'd have you from all the Doylees in the County Mayo? An' didn't Oi break the noses of the police that came to arrist me, an' spind three months in jail, an' all for the sake of yer own swate silf?

PEGGY. Thru for ye, Paddy acushla, yer did; an' Oi'll niver forgit it. But, Paddy, give me the letther, dear, an' let me be goin'.

PADDY. Arrah, don't be botherin' me now. An', Peggy, shure you don't forgit to remimber—orra, come into me thrashers ag'in, me darlint! [Embraces her once more.]

PEGGY. But, Paddy dear, ye must give me the letther. The masther says Oi wasn't to stay a moment longer than was necessary to git the answer.

PADDY. [Standing with his hands in his pockets and smiling at her] An' so it's with Mr. Sterling ye are?

PEGGY. [Shaking him] D'yer hear, Paddy? Shure, he'll be comin' himsilf, if yer don't look sharp. Give me the letther.

PADDY. [Jumping suddenly, quite alarmed] Oh, murther! an' it's

thru for yer. Oi've clane forgotten all about the letther. [*Aside, and again searching for the letter*] An' me towld to hurry loike the ould lad was afther me. Faith, Oi'm shure of the walkin' papers afther this, anneyhow. [*Aloud*] Begorra! here ut is! An', 'pon me sowkins, but it's proud an' glad an' daylighted Oi am to be actin' the post-office for ut. [*Hands it to PEGGY, who snatches it, and rushes out at R., stopping at the door to throw PADDY a kiss.*] An' bad luck to ye for wimmen, if it isn't ye that gets a daycent bhoy into quare scrapes. This coortin' will be my ruination, an' isn't it timplt Oi am, afther all? Faith, Oi must dhrop these gallivantin' thricks soon an' suddint, or it's gittin' into thrubble Oi'll be; but in throth it's mesilf that'll always loike to be the postboy so long as Peggy Casey is postboy in the other establishment. [*Looking out at R.*] Arrah, who the dickens is this? Mr. De Buffer, begorra, comin' to do the coortin' thrick. Throth, thin, Oi'm thinkin' it's the ugly kick-out he'll git from Miss Ida, for she's gone compleat an' swate on the other chap, and it's Paddy Doyle himsilf that'd loike to see thim buckled nate an' toight, an' no mistake. He's landed, bedad.

*Enter MR. DE BUFFER, R.; speaks in a drawling and affected manner.*

DE BUFFER. [*Mournfully*] Paddy, my good man.

PADDY. [*Saluting*] Well, yer riverence.

DE B. Is Miss Ida at home?

PADDY. She is.

DE B. Is she engaged?

PADDY. She is that! But he isn't here now, so come in.

DE B. [*Sits very languidly in a chair*] I come on a very delicate mission, Mr. Doyle.

PADDY. [*Aside*] "Mr. Doyle," indade! What's up now, I wonder? He sounds moighty bad. [*Aloud*] Is that a fact, sor?

DE B. Yes, Mr. Doyle; a very delicate mission indeed.

PADDY. Shure, an' if it's so delicate as that, why don't you take it to a dhoctor an' get it physic'd?

DE B. Ah, Mr. Doyle, my dear fellow, don't mock at me in my present position, I beg of you. I desire to unburden myself and make a confidant of you.

PADDY. [*Looking very serious*] Make a *what* of me?

DE B. A confidant.

PADDY. An' what's that, shure? Is it anneything in the postboy loine? Bekase, if it is, Oi'm imployed alridy by the postmisthress-gineral of this establishment; an' jolly good postage is paid on the

letthers, too, Oi can tell ye. None of your penny an ounce in this post-office, me bhoy.

DE B. I'm going to propose—

PADDY. [*Interrupting*] Well, if you git some one to second the resolution, Oi'll pass it unanimously.

DE B. For Miss Ida's hand.

PADDY. [*Laughing heartily, M. DE B. staring at him very seriously through his eye-glass*] Faith, thin, it's a noice article she'd look goin' about with only one hand, an' you afther havin' two of your own alridy. Shure, Oi don't think she wants to commit suicide yit, me bhoy. [*Laughs.*] Arrah, go 'long out o' that with ye, and don't be afther jokin'.

DE B. [*Very seriously*] Mr. Doyle, I was never more serious. You misunderstand me. I intend to ask Miss Lovelady to marry me, and, between you and me, I feel in the dooce of a flurry. I feel as if I can never summon up sufficient courage for the ordeal. Excuse me, but I really must raise my spirits a little. [*Pulls out a flask, drinks himself, and then holds it out to PADDY.*] Have a drink.

PADDY. No, thanks; Oi'm teetotal. If Oi took a dhrink, shure, it would make another man of me, and the other man w'u'd take a dhrink too, and the two of us,—that's me—w'u'd kape on dhrinkin' with each other till we'd be fightin' dhrunk. It's a poor look-out whin Paddy Doyle has to have his spirits raised with a bottle. Bedad, it's t'other way about. It's lowerin' they want. Shure it's high spirits that's always gittin' me into thrubble, so it is, spicially with the wimmen. Faith, if Oi raised 'em anney more with that stuff it's all over the place Oi'd be, an' knockin' spirits out of iverybody else.

DE B. Ah, you're a lucky man, Mr. Doyle—a very lucky man. You don't know what it is to be in love [*sighs*], *deeply* in love.

[*He has another drink.*]

PADDY. Well, Oi don't know about that; but, begorra, Oi've niver been in *your* state, that's *quite* sart'in. Faith, if Oi got that way, Oi'm afraid it's takin' to the bottle Oi'd be, mesilf. [*Aside*] An' it's up a tree it 'u'd be with Paddy Doyle thin.

DE B. [*Who has just been having another drink, gets up and walks slowly towards PADDY*] I say, Mr. Doyle, you'll excuse my detainin' you a little, won't you? but you have no idea how it relieves me [*taking another drink*] to make a confidant of you.

PADDY. [*Aside*] He's relaving that bottle a good dale. [*Aloud*] It's all right, sor; niver moind me.

DE B. I—I—really cannot make up my mind to face Miss Ida just yet. I don't feel quite equal to the task.

PADDY. [*Aside*] Just fancy Paddy Doyle being loike that—afraid of a woman. [*Laughs.*] A task, indade! [*Aloud*] Ye don't mane ye want me to ax Miss Ida for ye?

DE B. Oh, no—no, no! I shall be better presently.

[*Another drink.*]

PADDY. [*Aside*] Or worse.

DE B. Tell me, Mr. Doyle, do you think there's much hope for me?

PADDY. [*Aside*] Hope, indade! for half a man loike that! [*Aloud, slowly and seriously*] Wor you iver a tumbler in a circüs, Mr. De Buffer?

DE B. [*Looking very surprised*] My good fellow, what a singular question! No! I was not. Why do you ask?

PADDY. Bekase Oi thought it moight be of use to ye now; for when you ax Miss Ida to marry you, ye stand a good chance of gittin' kicked down-stairs, me bucco. That's why Oi ax, if ye want to know.

DE B. Oh, I say, Mr. Doyle, you—really—you make me *nervous*—*extremely* nervous; you do indeed. [*Takes a drink.*] But perhaps you can give me some *advice* in the matter?

PADDY. Faix, I could, an' plenty of it. If you'll take my advice, you'll lave that bottle alone.

DE B. [*Slapping him on the back, and appearing to be livening up a little*] Ah! you don't understand, my dear sir. Why, that bottle's one of the best friends I have.

PADDY. [*Aside*] Thin Oi'm sorry for ye, so Oi am. [*Aloud*] Yes, ye seem to be very *fond* of each other. Ye kape very close together, Oi notice.

DE B. [*Taking another drink, and gradually becoming very jolly and lively*] It's medicine, my dear boy, and puts new life into a man. Why, I'm feeling quite brave already.

PADDY. As brave as a bull pup [*aside*] or a pot lion.

DE B. Have a drop, Mr. Doyle. [*Holding out flask.*]

PADDY. No, thanks; it's too strong for me. Oi'm rather wake.

DE B. Then strength is just the thing you want. Yes, sir [*holding up the flask*]; it's a medicine. When you're sick, take a drink; and when you're *well*, take a drink to *keep* you well. In trouble or peace, storm or sunshine, at home or abroad, at a wedding or a wake, it'll stand your friend; and if you would propose to the girl of your heart, do as I am doing—take a few drinks, and the job's done. [*Slaps PADDY heavily on the back.*] Isn't it, old boy? I can talk to her now, Paddy, can't I? [*Takes another drink.*]

PADDY. [*Aside, and rubbing his shoulders*] He's gettin' moighty familiar, so he is, bad luck to him! But Oi suppose Oi'll have to humor him a little. He's gettin' past *raysonin'* with. [*Aloud*]

Faix, ye'll talk her into havin' ye, whether she loikes it or not. [DE B. *shakes his head knowingly, sits down, and has another drink.*] Faith, it's a foine spache ye'll be afther makin' her. Begorra, she'll go crazy with deloight, and jump at ye loike a duck at a young frog.

DE B. [*Jumping up*] Did you ever hear me sing, Paddy?

PADDY. [*Aside*] Murther an' onions, Oi'm in for it now! [*Aloud*] No, sor, Oi have not; but hadn't ye betther go an' see Mr. Love-lady first? Shure, ye'll do betther to settle with the ould man first, an' then ye'll have no thrubble with the lady. [*Aside*] Bedad! the ould man'll sittle *him* in quick-sticks.

DE B. There's plenty of time for that, old boy—*plenty* of time. We'll have a song first. [*Sings.*]

(Tune, "There is no Luck about the House.")

You've heard the praise of Rhenish wine  
 In poetry and prose;  
 But whisky, boys, still takes the *shine*  
 For *polishing* the nose.  
 It leaves a trade-mark, too, *behind*  
*In front* upon your snout;  
 This danger-signal, you will find,  
 Will make the people shout.

CHORUS. He took a drop of Mountain Dew,  
 The real old Irish whisky, too;  
 It can't be beat, 'tis so complete,  
 The real old Mountain Dew.

If you are in a battle, boys,  
 And walk amongst the dead,  
 And hear the cannon rattle, boys,  
 Until they pain your head,  
 Just leave your gun upon the ground,  
 And pull the bottle out,  
 And every man that stands around  
 Will surely grin and shout:

CHORUS. He's got a drop, etc.

PADDY. [*Pulling him gently back into a chair*] Look here, me ould bucco, you'd betther sit down an' have a *rist* afther that. You've had *your* say; just let *me* have a throy. [*Sings.*]

Now listen to a word from me.  
 Just lave the dhrink alone;

The man who cannot let it be  
 Can't call his will his own.  
 Whin whisky's in the sinse is out;  
 For both there isn't room.  
 Lave whisky out, an' thin your shnout  
 Will kape its natural bloom.

CHORUS. There's nothin' loike ould Nature's dew  
 That God has made for you.  
 He makes it nate, an' pure, an' swate;  
 Don't spoil it, boys—hurroo!

[During the singing of above DE B. has several drinks, and gradually gets drunk. When PADDY finishes his chorus by shouting "Hur-roo" and flourishing his hat over his head, DE B. tries to imitate him. He jumps up, flourishes the flask, and shouts, "Hurroo—Hurroo!" then stumbles backward, and sits heavily on the floor. PADDY turns round in amazement and disgust, and surveys him leisurely from head to foot.]

PADDY. [Aside] Well, if that does n't bate all! He's a trate, an' no mistake. [To DE B.] Here, me ould beauty! don't ye think ye'd bether git up before ye tumble over yoursilf? Look sharp; here's a policeman comin'. [Helps him up.]

DE B. [Staggering about the stage] Mr. Doyle—I—I say [Sings] "We won't go home till mornin'! We won't go," etc. Eh, Mr. Doyle?

PADDY. Sorra an inch, ma bouchal, nor for a wake, for the matther o' that.

DE B. Mr. Doyle, I—I say, Mr. Doyle. [Sings] "We're all right jolly good fellows! We're all right jolly good fellows." Eh, Mr. Doyle?

PADDY. Thru for ye, the dickens a jollier. [Aside] Well, you're fixed, me boy, anneyhow. [Aloud] Look here; d'ye know where you're goin'?

DE B. Mr. Doyle, I—I'm going up now to ask my dear Ida to marry me. Amn't I right, Mr. Doyle?

PADDY. [Aside, laughing] Oh, Paddy, me darlint, now for the fun. [Aloud] To be shure, ye are. But let me take your overcoat off first, an' fix ye up nate an' toidy.

[Takes off DE B's coat and replaces it with an old coat of his own. Places an old battered hat on DE B.'s head, turns up the bottoms of his trousers, twists his tie all awry, and draws black stripes down his face with burnt cork.]

DE B. That's right, Mr. Doyle. I'll invite you to the wedding, Mr.

Doyle. Oh, I feel as brave as a lion. [*Slaps his chest, nearly knocking himself over.*] So long, Mr. Doyle. [*Staggers off stage, R., singing.*] "We're all right jolly good morning! We won't go home till morning!"

PADDY. [*Laughing, and looking after DE B.*] Throth, thin, and whin ye go before 'em in that beautiful stoyle, Oi'm thinkin' it's a noice reception you'll be afther gittin.' Well, Paddy, ye rascal, the dickens couldn't be up to ye for thricks. [*Looking off L.*] Faith, here comes the masther an' his daughter. Shure, Oi must be off to see the fun. Bedad, the drunken wretch's goin' into the conservatory.

[*Exit after DE B., R.*

*Enter MR. LOVELADY and IDA, L., and take seats at table.*

MR. L. Now, Ida, I cannot tolerate any further opposition. Mr. De Buffer is a gentleman of extremely excellent character, and occupies a distinguished position in society. The fact of the matter is, Ida, as you force me to plain speaking, that I will *insist* on your marrying him. Candidly, I regard him as an ideal son-in-law.

IDA. And, candidly, *I* regard him as a most undesirable husband, and you will acknowledge, I hope, that *my* opinion in the matter is of some moment. As you *force* me to it, I must state, once and for all, that I decline the honor, and would die rather than marry him.

[*During above IDA has risen and gradually retired from table towards L.*]

MR. L. [*Rising*] These are very lofty sentiments, my girl, and we must see if we cannot trim them down to the limits of reason and obedience. I have made up my mind that you shall wed my excellent friend Mr. De Buffer. He is a splendid match, and I shall tolerate no further rebellious display on your part.

IDA. And *I* have made up *my* mind to wed Mr. Harry Sterling; and in an affair of this description I must respectfully refuse to be dictated to, even by my father.

[*Turns away haughtily towards left.*

MR. L. We shall see about that directly. [*Noise heard off right, and DE B. singing, "We won't go home till morning," etc., in a very drunken voice.*] Who in the world is this?

*Enter DE B., R., staggering.*

MR. L. [*Amazed*] Mr. De Buffer, and in *this* condition! Good heavens! the man must have taken leave of his senses.

DE B. Hallo! that you? How do, old chap? Come to ask the

daughter, don't you know. For [*sings*] "We're all right jolly good fellows!" "Hurroo!" Say, aren't you going to give me the daughter, old bloke? Of course you are. Come and dance a waltz.

[*Catches LOVELADY round the waist, hums a waltz, and attempts to dance. LOVELADY shakes him off.*]

MR. L. Dear me, this is perfectly shocking! I'm thoroughly disgusted with the fellow. Ida, please retire; this is no scene for you to witness. [*Exit* IDA, L.]

DE B. Now, then, old chap, you promised me the daughter, you know, and here I am for her. "For I'm a jolly good fellow!" Eh, old bloke?

MR. L. [*Aside, as he keeps walking out of DE B.'s way*] I must get this idiot out of the house at once. [*Aloud and angrily*] Get out of my house, sir, and never let me see you here again! [*Calls off R.*] Here, Paddy! Paddy!

*Enter PADDY immediately, R.*

PADDY. Yis, yer honor; Oi'm here.

[*DE B. is still staggering about stage and singing snatches.*]

MR. L. Show this—this fellow the door.

PADDY. [*With a mock air of seriousness*] In throth, an' if Oi do that same, sor, Oi'm afraid he won't see it, bekase he's bloind dhrunk, the blackguard, an' it's a great shame for him, so it is.

MR. L. Then *throw* him out. Pitch him out of the window, if you like; only get him out. Anything to get him away from my sight forever. [*Exit, L.*]

[*PADDY makes a great business of taking off his own coat and waistcoat, leisurely turns up his sleeves, and then with great gusto kicks out DE B., R, returning immediately for his coat and waistcoat.*]

PADDY. Begorra, but Oi'm the boy that can do a job nate an' compleat. It stroikes me *his* hash is settled. He'll not come here again in a hurry. Oi guess Oi've sobered him. [*Exit, R.*]

MR. L. [*Entering L.*] Gone, thank goodness! What a fortunate escape Ida has had! I shall no longer now withhold my consent to her union with young Sterling. [*Exit, L.*]

*Enter HARRY STERLING stealthily, R., dressed for journey.*

HARRY. At last. It is now close on the appointed time. [*Walks across and looks off L., then comes forward again.*] I knew the dear girl's reply would be favorable, and yet I hardly dared open the



letter when Peggy brought it to me. Let me read again what she says. [*Produces letter and reads it.*] "Dearest Harry: I thoroughly agree to the plan you propose, and will meet you at the time you state. I share your regret that we are compelled to act against the wishes of my father, but I see nothing else for it. I am determined nothing on earth shall keep us apart. Mr. De Buffer calls this evening to receive his final answer. Need I tell you, dear Harry, what it will be? Yours till death, IDA." No, dearest; you need not tell me what it will be, for never for an instant have I entertained the slightest doubt of your truth and fidelity. Though influences, strong and persistent, have been at work to alienate your affections from me, your true womanhood has nobly asserted itself, and this day terminates the period of uncertainty and suspense. Ah! here she comes.

*Enter IDA, L., wearing a traveling cloak and hat.*

IDA. [*Going up to HARRY*] Oh, Harry, I'm glad you have come. I feel so nervous.

HARRY. [*Taking her hand*] I much regret, dearest, that we must take this step without your father's consent; but I am prepared, darling, to make any sacrifice for your sake, and cannot express how deeply grateful I feel for the one you are making for me.

IDA. I would do *anything*, Harry, for your sake, and I do not feel the slightest hesitation in taking the step that will make me yours forever. [*She says this looking up at him very tenderly.*]

HARRY. Thanks, darling. I hope you will never have occasion to regret the choice you have made in accepting my unworthy self. [*He starts, and looks towards entrance at left.*] Good gracious! your father is coming. What shall we do?

IDA. [*Timidly, and catching him by the arm*] I don't know, dear.

*Enter MR. LOVELADY, L.*

MR. L. [*With an amused smile*] So, so, young folk. You expected to have the nuptial knot tied without my presence or consent, I suppose. It will probably now surprise you both to learn that I have not the slightest objection.

HARRY and IDA. [*In surprise*] You haven't?

MR. L. No, I have not. I find I was completely deceived in that fellow De Buffer. He made a most disgraceful exhibition of himself, as you have probably been told already by Ida, and I had him expelled from the house. I have just been in to see your father, and the prolonged misunderstanding between us no longer exists.

So you can both prepare for having the ceremony carried out in a proper and brilliant manner.

*Enter PADDY, R., slowly, hat in hand.*

PADDY. [*Saluting* MR. LOVELADY] Oi came to tell ye, sor, that Oi'm goin' home to the ould counthry. Oi've just had a letther from an uncle's son of moine, an' he says, says he, they're playin' the dickens over there with christenin's and weddin's; and, begorra, Oi fale lonesome-loike whin Oi'm missin' the fun.

MR. L. But surely you will wait to see *this* wedding over.

[*Pointing to* IDA and HARRY, *who stand close together, smiling.*

PADDY. [*Looking at them, and then jumping with joy*] Hurroo! Murther! [*Throwing his hat up, and catching it again.*] A weddin', is it? Faix, thin, it's meself that was wishin' for thim two to be buckled together, God bless 'em. And thunder and turf! but it's meself that'll stay an' dance about tin thousand rale ould Oirish jigs at the ruction, and whin Oi go home Oi'll kill half the counthry-soide with pure joy and deloightment!

HARRY. Paddy, I believe you were slightly instrumental in securing our happiness, and I shall be very pleased to make you a substantial present before you go.

*Enter PEGGY, R.*

PEGGY. [*To* HARRY] Mr. De Buffer has axed me to come and till ye, sor, that he's going to Austrhalia, and he'll niver thrubble ye ag'in.

PADDY. [*Aside*] An' mighty small loss, the whisky-dhrinking ould baste. [*Aloud*] Peggy, they're goin' to be married [*pointing to* IDA and HARRY], an' whin the weddin' is over Oi'm goin' to pack up me thruskawn an' be off to ould Oireland, for [*sings a portion of* "Home, Sweet Home"] there's no place like home.

PEGGY. [*Shyly*] But, shure, ye won't lave me behint ye, Paddy?

PADDY. Arrah, who, acushla? Faith, 'n' Oi'll do no sich thing. An' faix, we'll have a t'arin' foine weddin' of our own; an' won't we just thrip it out on the hearthstone, tare and ages! An' all the pipers, an' fiddlers, an' flute-players, and musicianers in the foive parishes will all be set playin' in the loft, begorra! [*To audience*] Won't ye all come? If there ain't room enough insoide, shure we'll knock down the soide walls, and let out the runnin'-strings of the gable. Then maybe ye won't have room enough! An' now, as *we're* all satisfied, Oi hope *you* are, an' thin nothin' will be wantin' to complate the happiness of your humble servant, Paddy Doyle.

CURTAIN.

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